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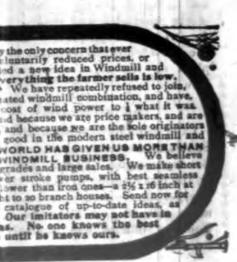
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PRICE FIVE CENTS

A TEN CENT WORLD

HOW A JERSEYMAN EXPLAINED HIS IDEAS OF THIS GLOBE.

Dime and Then as It Cooled Showed How the Earth, Which Was Once a Molten Mass, Got Its Mountains and Seas.

"If any one doubts that the earth was once a molten mass and that, its mountain chains, its great tablelands and the recesses for the seas were the results of the cooling and settling of the surface and then its shriveling to fit the ever shrinking center, let him see a world made," said the observant Jerseyman.

"That sounds simple," said one of his hearers, "but I haven't noticed that there were any worlds being made just now upon which progress was any faster than right here, and I can't say that I have observed much change in this old globe since I began to watch it."

"I have made many globes," declared the Jerseyman, "not merely insensate things to represent what we know of the natural and political divisions of the earth, but miniature worlds of the days of chaos, with every particle in them aglow with heat and all in motion. And then I have watched them become cold, immobile and dead, with black ened, roughened surfaces, and it required no great stretch of imagination to feel that within the few moments which the whole operation required one had bridged over millions of years in the history of a planet and seen it pass through every stage of its existence, com that of a light giving body to that Come with me," he continued, "and will show you the history of our world since it first took form.

With that he led his little audience to a workbench and drew forth a chunk of charcoal covered on all but one side with plaster of paris, a blowpipe and a jeweler's soldering lamp.

"I will make the globe of a dime, he said. And he placed a silver 10 cent piece on the charcoal. Then he lit the lamp, and with the blowpipe directed the flame upon the dime. Soon the charcoal began to glow and burn away about the dime in a broad hollow, and then the dime turned first black and then it drew itself together until presently it was a globule of molten silver,

wing, melted silver, you have missed lows, all ten the charms betop of tholowpipe still adding All that the silver became as as but, and the gases emitted

ue heated charcoal made it roll out in the hollow as mobile as quickalver, while within the globe the metal could be seen agitated by intense currents. These currents changed their direction as the point of flame from the blowpipe was moved from point to point, and every moment the surface agitation was so great that the rest of the oxide would break and disclose the dazzling metal beneath.

All know the beauty of quicksilver, and many have seen the glow of melted lead or tip or the red glare of iron as it was poured in the foundry or furnace, but none of these compares with the beauty of molten silver. Melted gold has a beauty of its own, but not like that of silver. The light which comes from the melted silver seems as brilliant as that from an arc electric light, but not dazzling; it is white, with a tinge of heavenly violet, and the swirling metal seems translucent like a pearl of

the finest water. Jerseyman, removing the blowpipe from his lips and letting his inflated cheeks resume their natural condition. The charcoal was placed on the bench. Soon the agitation of the surface of the tiny globe of silver ceased, and the quiescence of the dull outer coating showed that a skin of metal had cooled and set in

leys form and see the mighty earthquakes shake the crust," exclaimed the Jerseyman, and as he spoke the crust, which had been smooth and even, began to wrinkle. Sometimes the wrinkles would form long continuous lines across half the globe. Then in spots the whole surface would pucker up and again all of these would straighten out only to form new series of puckers and wrinkles in other places. It was all over in half a minute, and the globe was set enough

to drop into a glass of water to cool. "Now look at it," said the Jerseyman, handing the globe to his visitors and with it a strong magnifying glass. ened surface. That is three or four times as much water in proportion as our earth has on it, so you have before you all the features of sea and land,

mountain and valley." It was indeed so, and, although the glass revealed only the more prominent of the features, there was no difficulty in seeing all the others with the mind's

eye. - New York Sun. Lavish With Telegrams. Sending a telegram," says a Philadelphia telegraph man, "is serious business for the ordinary man or woman. They think it's expensive and only use the wires when they have to: There's one exception, however, and a kind of complimentary business that most people would never suspect. Whenever there's a Hebrew wedding—that is, one of any importance—we handle scores of congratulations, hundreds sometimes, from all parts of the country. They are sent with directions to deliver at a certain hour, and we generally send them all to the house or the place where the reception is held in one banch. It's a good thing for the company, for the senders don't count the words and file their telegrams without any revision.

Sometimes they run up to 190 or 150 Smiths Open evenings. | Next to & Smith, Agents.

A CITY OF THE DEAD. PERE LA CHAISE, THE GREAT AND BEAUTIFUL CEMETERY OF PARIS.

uments The Last Resting Place of Many Whose Names Live In History-A Bat-

Pere la Chaise, so called after Louis XIV's confessor, who had his residence on the hill long ago, covers 106 1-2 acres and is laid out, like a miniature city, in nearly 150 streets or avenues and little paths. Bordering these are 96,002 description, from the most magnificent tombs to the most unpretending urns. Each little house has its family name above the door, and few are ever with out some fresh tokens of loving remem-

lack personal affection and respect, and this is strikingly shown in their devotion to the memory of their dead. Ornamental wreaths made of beads or tin, black, white and colored, many of them with appropriate mottoes, were piled or

hung upon the monuments. Entering one of the main streets and walking up the hill, we were soon in a labyrinth of tombs. Inside of one little house, which had a glass door, there was a shelf built of marble, upon which stood a framed photograph of a man. On each side were vases filled with white lilacs, and underneath was stretched a white ribbon, and letters in gold upon it told that this was an offering columns rising from one pedestal and resembling some fragment of a Roman ruin stood to commemorate three brothers who had wished to be laid together. Many monuments were hile otelisks or

in other Egyptian forms, showing the influence upon the fashion of the time of Napoleon's eastern campaign. One large column with a broken shaft stood alone in an open space upon a raised platform and attracted our attention because of the great number of wreaths and flowers piled high upon it. This was a monument to those whose burial places were unknown, whose deaths were shrouded in mystery, and whose mourners come here to pray and weep. If you have never seen such a ball of of chrysanthemums to the gay but pa-

famous names began to claim our interthe prettiest of sights. On the let Alian savery thin skin of with min serves, like a wom-Chopin's last resting place marked by a beautiful figure. Lafontaine, with a little fox appropriately crowning his without thinking of the sly puss that got the crow's dinner?-Balzac, the novelist; Cherubini, the composer, and many other famous painters, authors and musicians. Then the brave men who fought for France-Marshal Ney, Napoleon's right hand man, who lies in and flowers, but with no monument, for and would allow none to be erected, and

now its absence and the simple grave speak more eloquently than could the ost at Trafalgar and in consequence of Napoleon's displeasure received such a harsh repulse when he returned to Paris that he ran a needle through his broken heart. Just across the way from him is Parmentier, the agriculturist. He was the man who with the utmost difficulty convinced the dainty French that the potato was worth cultivating and eating. They say that Marie Antoinette helped him to attain this end by wear-ing potato blossoms with her beautiful ball gowns. However true this may be, certain it is that the vegetable is planted every year around the good man's tomb. There is one tomb which every one is sure to visit at Pere la Chaise, and this is the grave of Abelard and Heloise, the grave that has been the subject of so

many songs and verses, and where lovers come to plight their vows and pledge their faithfulness. Very romantic it must be, too, on a moonlight evening, with the pale rays falling on the stone figures lying peacefully side by side with folded hands, under the canopy of early Gothic style, with queer gargoyles at each corner. The story of the lovers is well known. They had many trials and tribulations, but at last they rest together, according to Heloise's last wish that she might be reunited to her idol. Through the tombs and trees we went higher and higher, until we came out upon a wide terrace and Paris burst apon our view. Paris, sparkling in the and bridges, and the Eiffel tower rising like a gaunt skeleton amid the feast of beautiful architecture. No wonder that

the mutineers of the commune appreciated the fine advantages of position af-forded by Pere la Chaise. Here they intrenched themselves and transformed the quiet cemetery into a noisy camp. Here they met the fire from the government positions, until finally they were overpowered by troops which scaled the heights, and the terrible slaughter took place when thousands of the communists fell among the sepulchers. Some poor the merciless soldiers closed them up fast, so that to this day skeletons of their

victims are found in their ghastly prisons.—Paris Cor. New York Observer. In a Hurry. Doctor-How is your brother, Miss ing, doctor-a lot worse.

Doctor-Did you give him that medicine as I directed-a teaspoonful every Aunt Cynthia-No, doctor. I just gave him the whole bottle at once. He wanted to hurry up and get well, so's to go to the pantomime tonight, -Strand

Call and see the 1897 Clevelands Insure against Burglars with the and Crescents at Coggesball and Fidelity & Casualty Co. Coggeshal

MISJUDGED HIS COMPANION Queer Experience of a Traveler on a Lake

"Speaking of misjudging people, remarked the young man who has money and can take pleasure trips whenever he feels like it, "I had a peculiar experience when I took the steamer trip up the lakes. I was little late in applying for a berth, and the clerk informed me that every stateroom was occupied, and he would have to give me a berth in the same stateroom with another person. I didn't particularly like the idea, but it was the best I could do, and, being very tired, I turned in. I saw nothing of my roommate, and, he mausoleums and monuments of every having first choice of berths, and presuming that he would choose the lower

one, I climbed up above.

"I wondered what sort of a man he would prove to be, and to be on the safe side I took my gold watch and pocketbook and placed them carefully under ligious nation, but they certainly do not my pillow. I tried to stay awake until he came in, but the motion of the boat ulled me to sleep in spite of myself, and I didn't wake up until morning. The other person had turned in without disturbing me. I heard him stirring around in the lower berth, Cautiously I slipped my hand under the pillow. Both my pocketbook and watch were gone. There was no denying it. I searched the berth carefully and quietly. There could be no mistake. My handsome timepiece and several hundred dollars in bills were gone. I lay still for a long time, wondering what I would do. Perhaps he had hurled the plunder into the hands of a confederate. I felt pretty

> "'I've been waiting for you to wake ap, ' lie said. 'Do these things belong to you? He was holding up my purse and a Doors Above Past Office. HLOOMFIEL

blue. Anyway, I would report the mat-

ter to the captain. I sat up in my berth

"Yes, sir, they do,' I answered sedown on me this morning about an hour before I wanted to wake up. The wallet struck me blim on the end of the nose and the watch nearly knocked my front teeth out. I was never so startled in my

"I looked sheepish, I suppose; I certainly felt so, for, turning the pillow down, I found that the springs were of woven wire and lacked several inches of filling in the space at the head of the berth. My property had simply slid through and dropped upon the face of my startled stateroom companion. He took matters very good naturedly, and we got to be good friends before we got to Duluth. He was a wealthy young Englishman taking his first trip through our western country, looking for invest-ments, and I found him a very companionable fellow."-New York Tribune.

A BEAR IN A CAVE.

Two Indians Went In by the Light of s Torch and Killed the Game. Robert H. Davis tells in Gameland how two buck Indians of the northwestern coast tribes went into a bear's den and, by the light of a torch, killed a big HARMACY. NEWARK, N. J.

A young law student got sight of the bear one day while he was still hunting. While trying to approach it the hunter alarmed the bear, and it ran to a 1,000 foot cliff and took refuge in a hole there. The student climbed up 100 yards on the face of the cliff and started rocks down about the hole, thinking to drive the bear out, but the bear would not start. Then he went to a nearby Indian camp and got Trinity Dick and a Pitt river Indian, who said they would go with the man after the bear if he would let them take the rifle. The student let Trinity Dick take the rifle and borrowed another for the Pitt river In-

"I waited outside," the student told Davis, "while the Indians went into the cave with a torch. I listened for a long time, then I heard the dull boom of two guns away back in the cave somewhere. Then all was still again for some time. After a bit Trinity Dick came out and waved his hand to me, then went back in. I followed and quickly came to the bear, which was already loosing its hide at the knife point of the Pitt river In-

"The cave was deep, with many arms. The Indians had followed the main who should go first. Trinity Dick, being the eldest, got the place of honor, while the other followed, holding the torch high aloft. The bear was not in main cave, and they went to the end without coming upon it. On their way out, however, the men were confronted sunlight, spread before us in a glittering panorama, an immense expanse of white buildings with domes, towers, spires and bridges, and the Eiffel tower rising fired, the bear pitched forward, and then a second bullet was fired into it. The Indians then turned and ran, loading their guns as they did so. But the bear never moved again."

> Stern Father-What were those pecul iar noises I heard down here last night? Did you and young Comeback uncork any of my beer bottles? Demure Daughter-No, papa. We were just going through some labial ex-

Stern Father-Oh, I suppose these new educational fads must have their run. - Detroit Free Press.

The first system of modern fortification-that is, after the invention of ar tillery-was that of the bastion or Italian system, a bastion being a military work consisting of two faces and two

Philadelphia has just organized

Rainy Day club, with Mrs. Helen M. James as president. A skirt reaching to the boot tors has been adopted. The distance between Washington

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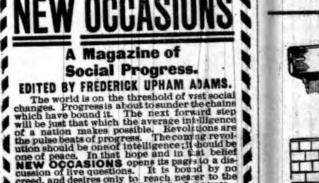
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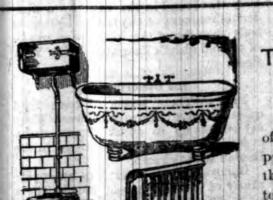
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